



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 29.

Price, Five Cents.



"ONE OF US, EITHER YOU OR I, SHALL DIE ON THIS SPOT, BUFFALO BILL!" SAID THE GOLD-CRAZED HUNTER.—(CHAPTER CXXIII.)



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1901, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

No. 29.

NEW YORK, November 30, 1901.

Price Five Cents.

BUFFALO BILL'S VICTORIES.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER CXIX.

A RIDE FOR LIFE—A DESPERATE SITUATION.

A man was climbing slowly up a steep trail, his splendid horse held in check to prevent him from overtaxing his strength; for both the rider and the animal he rode showed signs of their way having been long and hard.

The horseman was Buffalo Bill, the noted army scout, famous in song and story for his deeds of daring, and the dreaded foe of hostile Indians and outlaw bands of white men.

The horse he rode was a jet black stallion once the king of a vast herd of wild mustangs known as the "Prairie Whirlwind," and an animal that had defied all efforts to capture him by Indians and palefaces. The magnificent animal had as well avoided all traps set for him, until one day it was Buffalo Bill's good luck to corner the superb horse, fight him to a finish, and finally to subdue him.

From that day the "Whirlwind" had been to his

master as faithful as a dog, obeying his slightest word.

"Well, Whirlwind, here we are at last, and we have got to look out for ourselves, as the redskin camp is only a few miles from here up in the mountains," said Buffalo Bill, halting upon the summit of the ridge he had ascended, and keeping in the shadow of the trees that lined each side of the spur.

After a short rest Cody left his horse to crop the grass that grew about him, while he cautiously advanced out upon the ridge, upon the top of which ran a trail which seemed to be frequently traveled over.

"If the Indians kept on as they were going they should be in the foothills by this time, and the Pawnee will arrive after dark, for he will not dare approach the hills except under cover of the night; so I will wait here until the redskins pass, and then camp on their trail until the Red Snake comes up," muttered Bill, as he turned slowly into the trail leading up the mountain.

But he had gone but a hundred paces when he stopped short, listened an instant, and turning, fled back to the shelter where he had left his horse.

Hardly had he disappeared when there came dashing down the trail a horse and rider, and the sight filled Buffalo Bill with horror, for the animal's reins were flying loose and in his saddle was a young girl, her bound hands clasped and held upward as though in supplication.

"Great God! it is the girl I seek! and this ridge ends in a cliff!"

The words came quickly from the lips of the scout, and as he uttered the last word the animal dashed by where he stood hiding in the foliage.

"Come, Whirlwind, you must overtake that horse or the girl is lost," cried Bill, and he threw himself into the saddle, and darted out from the sheltering trees in hot pursuit.

He did not doubt but that there were red pursuers upon her track, but to face them was an afterthought, for the girl must be saved first, as the cliff was not far away, and did the animal go over its edge he must fall two hundred feet into the valley below.

Around the curve in the ridge dashed the horse ridden by the maiden, and the next instant Whirlwind followed.

"God above! too late!" cried Buffalo Bill, as he saw the cliff before him and not two hundred yards away, with the frightened animal rushing blindly toward it.

He saw the maiden start when she realized her danger, which her now thoroughly frightened horse did not see in his blind fear, and in a voice that rung like a trumpet he shouted:

"Throw yourself from your saddle!"

She heard his words, for she turned her head, and borne back to him came the cry:

"Never! Better death yonder than remain your captive!"

She had mistaken him for her captor, and with set lips, Bill now urged his horse forward, driving the spurs deep into his flanks.

But nearer drew the fugitive animal to the cliff

and it seemed as though no power on earth could save him from dashing himself to destruction, bearing with him his beautiful mistress.

"The lasso is my only chance. I'll try it, for I can never reach the side of that horse," and he grasped the coil of rope about his saddle horn, and swung it in a circle round and round his head.

The flying horse bearing the maiden was now within a few paces of the cliff, for half-a-dozen more bounds would carry him over.

Upright in her saddle and seeming to fully realize the awful death that waited her, the young girl sat, her bound hands clasped together and raised as though in prayer, and her face upturned, the lustrous eyes being closed to shut out the appalling sight that would otherwise be forced upon her gaze.

Behind her, only the length of his lariat away, Buffalo Bill came on like the wind, whirling his lariat above his head, and watching the instant when he had decided to throw it.

Did he throw it before the horse reached the edge of the cliff, he well knew it would be but to drag the maiden to the earth, perhaps to kill her—at any rate, to injure her seriously.

She had refused to slip from her saddle at his ringing command, and, determined to save her, he had calculated the chances in his favor, then the fearful odds against him.

But those odds he must and would take, and in taking them rested the only chance against death for the young girl.

Another bound and the fear-maddened horse shot over the edge of the cliff, with a wild neigh as he realized too late his awful peril.

But at the same instant the lariat was thrown with terrible force through the air, and Whirlwind was dragged back upon his haunches to catch the weight that must come upon him.

Straight as an arrow to the target flew the coil, over the upraised hands and head it passed, about the slender form it tightened and, while her horse swept downward to death, the young girl was lifted from her saddle and swung in midair, upheld by the

strong lariat, while, feeling her weight, though not seeing her, Buffalo Bill cried in a quivering voice:

"Thank God, the lariat holds and she is safe!"

Hardly had Whirlwind been thrown back upon his haunches to receive the weight that must come upon the lariat when Buffalo Bill sprang from his saddle to hasten to the rescue of the young girl, whom his skill as a lariat-thrower had arrested in her downward flight to death.

He had remembered that the cliff retreated backward from its edge, so that there was no danger that the girl, swinging backward and forward like a huge pendulum, would be dashed against the rocky sides; therefore, excepting her terrible fright, he expected to find her unhurt.

But hardly had he reached the edge of the cliff and looked over when he was startled by the clatter of hoofs thundering down the trail.

One glance showed him that the lariat held the maiden firmly, having settled about her waist; but her head had drooped forward, her arms had dropped from their supplication, and as she vibrated to and fro from that dizzy height, he knew that she had swooned away.

It was a most critical moment for the unconscious maiden, as well as for Buffalo Bill, for he knew that he had to turn to face whoever it was that was thundering down the trail toward him at such a headlong speed, while if Whirlwind were to get startled and bound away from the stand where he was, the death of the poor girl was certain.

Wheeling quickly, he sprang to the side of his noble steed and said, soothingly:

"Hold firm, old fellow, and I'll take care of us all."

With that he bounded up the trail to a tree a few paces distant, and had just gotten to its shelter when there dashed into sight a horseman.

It was Iron Arm, a white renegade chief.

His eyes were fixed upon the cliff ahead, and beholding the horse standing as he did, one end of the taut lariat fastened to the saddle horn, the other out of sight over the edge of the jutting rock, he came

to a halt, while his eyes searched the scene for the rider.

Instantly he saw him, for Buffalo Bill, apparently recognizing the horseman, stepped from behind the tree, covering him with his revolver, while he said, calmly:

"We meet again, sir, and this time I know you as you are."

"Ha! Buffalo Bill, what do you here in hearing of five hundred Indians who seek your life?" cried Iron Arm.

"Do you see that horse?" asked the scout, coolly.

"Yes."

"You notice that he holds a weight at the other end of the lariat?"

"Yes."

"Well, that weight is the form of a young girl whom your warriors have captured, and whom I came here to save, and I do not intend that you and your whole tribe of redskins shall prevent my doing so."

"Don't talk like a fool, for a call will bring my warriors to my side," said the renegade, angrily.

"Just call them if you wish that they shall find you dead and scalped when they come, for I am not one to miss a villain when I draw trigger on him."

"I want no quarrel with you, Buffalo Bill, for you saved me from a cruel death once, and——"

"Which I now regret, as I have since learned that you are Iron Arm, the renegade, though then I believed your story that you were an honest hunter, and therefore saved you from being hanged as a thief by the cowboys.

"Now I know you, I would draw a trigger on you with pleasure."

"And your shot would bring my braves upon you."

"Bah! you cannot scare me with Indians, while I have my good horse near me and my arms; but come, dismount and let me look after you, that I may rescue that poor girl ere she returns to consciousness and goes mad with fright."

"That girl is my captive, Buffalo Bill, and you

have but saved her from death for me to wreak my vengeance upon her," was the hoarse reply of the renegade.

"Dismount from that horse, you accursed renegade, or I will send a bullet through your heart," was the ringing response of the scout.

Iron Arm, the renegade chief of the Sioux, was in a most perilous situation, equally as much so as was the maiden who still swung to and fro at the end of the lariat, for the scout was walking toward him with his revolver covering his heart, and the look of a man who intended to pull trigger if he was not obeyed.

Iron Arm knew the scout well, and his deadly aim with the revolver was known in all that Southwest country, so that he could not hope that he would miss him, should he fire.

His own weapons were in his belt, and he dared not make an attempt to draw them, well knowing that the slightest movement would cause his death.

Straight up to Iron Arm walked the scout, and again he spoke in a tone that showed that he would stand no trifling:

"Dismount or die! Take your choice!"

With an oath, Iron Arm started to dismount, intending to get down on the opposite side of his horse from Buffalo Bill, but the latter was too cunning to be caught by any trick, and seizing the leg of the renegade he dragged him back with a force that he could not resist, while he shoved the revolver hard against his side and said, sternly:

"This side, sir!"

There was nothing to do but obey, and Cody quickly disarmed the man, and then ordered:

"Lie down, sir, flat on your face."

An oath broke from between the teeth of the renegade, but he promptly obeyed, and reaching for the lariat that hung on the saddle horn of his captive horse, the scout bound his hands behind his back and then securely hobbled his feet.

"Now you'll wait till I'm ready for you," said the scout, and he bounded rapidly to the edge of the cliff, his face wearing an anxious look for the girl

who had swung between heaven and earth all these minutes, held there by the faithful Whirlwind.

He looked over with fear and trembling lest he should see the maiden conscious and crazed with fright, but the hands still hung listlessly before her, the head still drooped, and he was confident that she was yet in a swoon.

Then the terrible thought came to him that she might be dead.

Lying flat down, he leaned over and began to draw up slowly the precious burden, the while speaking a kind word to his horse, for fear he might move suddenly, cause him to loosen his hold and thus cut the rope upon the jagged rock.

At last his hand grasped the coil around her body, and seizing a firm hold, he drew her over the edge of the cliff to safety, while great beads of perspiration broke out upon his face, and he almost gasped for breath, so great had been the suspense.

"Bravo, Buffalo Bill! You have done what few men could do," cried Iron Arm, as he lay bound, gazing upon every action of the scout.

But Bill made no reply, for he hardly dared trust his voice to speak, and sat still, holding the slender form in his strong arms and gazing down into the beautiful face, which was white and still as though the life pulse had ceased to beat forever.

At last he drew a deep sigh and laid his fingers lightly upon the pulse.

The steady beat answered his touch, though faintly, and he said in a low tone:

"Thank God, she lives."

"And so say I, for I feared the shock had killed her. But now to business," said the renegade.

"What mean you?"

"I have an offer to make you."

"Which I will refuse."

"Hear me first."

"Well, go on."

"It is rumored that there are gold mines in these mountains."

"Yes."

"I can take you to a mine of vast value."

"Well?"

"I will lead you to it, and protect you as a miner from all my tribe, if you will give that girl into my power."

"Not for every mine in these hills would I."

"What is she to you?"

"A woman."

"Ah! you love her."

"I never saw her but once before to-day, and then not to speak to her."

"And yet you risk your life to come here in search of her?"

"Yes, as I would risk my life to save any woman in peril."

"Well, I love her, Buffalo Bill."

"Your love is an insult to her."

"Be that as it may, but she was once my promised wife."

"This innocent girl once pledged to you?" demanded Bill, with scorn in his tone.

"Yes, for I was not always what I now am, a fugitive, a renegade."

"I admit that I believe that you have been a different man, Iron Arm, but it is with the present, not with the past, that we now have to deal, and although you twice helped me out of a scrape where my scalp was wanted, I would shoot you down without remorse before you should bring harm upon that poor girl."

"Then you refuse to sell her to me for the secret of the gold mine which I possess?"

"Yes; she is not for sale."

"You would enrich yourself for life and you could tell her father that the Indians had killed her."

"You are a fool, Iron Arm, to expect me to be as bad as you are, besides, if you knew of a mine, I well know that you would soon reap its riches and leave this wild life as a fugitive from justice."

"No, I have rescued the girl, and because you have done me a good turn in the past, I will not kill you, but let you get back to your redskin pals as best you can, but remember, if ever I meet you again, I will kill you if in my power."

"Now, sir, this poor girl needs my care, and I will leave you as soon as I have gagged you, for I want no yells for braves."

So saying, Buffalo Bill stepped forward and with a buckskin string and a stick was preparing to gag his prisoner when suddenly down upon his shoulders dropped a huge Sioux warrior, from the tree overhead, and his weight and the blow bore him heavily to the ground.

There was one young warrior among the band of Iron Arm, who was a rising personage among his people, for when no one else could find a trail he was certain to do so, and with bow and arrow, lasso, and as a horseman, he had no superior.

His ponies were the best in the herd, his weapons were the finest, his tepee had more relics of the chase than any other, and in dress he was a dandy, while his courage none dared to dispute.

With Iron Arm he was a great favorite, and it was to ask the renegade chief to let him take a few warriors on a raid upon the settlements, that he had gone, when his quick eye detected a fresh trail that he saw had been made by two horses going at full speed.

Hastily he followed upon the trail, to come upon a scene that gave him a surprise.

Reining his pony back in the shadow, Red Dog, as the young brave was called, hastily dismounted, and hitching his rein over a limb, glided quickly into the bushes and disappeared.

After some time he reappeared, and he was among the limbs of a large tree growing a few paces from where lay Iron Arm.

Lying bound as he was, the eyes of the renegade fell upon him, and he gave a slight start, but was instantly calm and indifferent as he saw Buffalo Bill just then draw the maiden to safety upon the cliff.

With the nimbleness of a squirrel, and as noiselessly as a snake, Red Dog wormed himself out upon a large limb that almost hung over the prisoner, and then lay quiet and watching as patiently as a cat would a mouse.

What passed between his white chief and the scout

he did not understand; but he fully comprehended the intention of Buffalo Bill, when he stepped forward to gag Iron Arm, and then he drew himself up like a panther ready for the fatal leap.

The scout was ten feet from him, and more than that distance beneath him, but the Indian knew that the body of his foe would break his fall, and he sprang upon him in a heap.

Of course, beneath such a weight Buffalo Bill could not but go down, and he fell heavily, the Indian on top of him, while Iron Arm shouted forth:

"Bravo, my brave Red Dog! This shall make you a chief."

But, fortunately, Buffalo Bill had not been hurt by the blow or fall, and ever on his guard against a surprise, he had his powerful grip upon the redskin ere he fell to the ground.

The shock, however, had knocked the revolver out of his hand, as it had also the knife which Red Dog had held, and it therefore became a struggle for the mastery, with the odds against Bill, should the renegade chief be able to take a hand in the encounter.

Red Dog was a larger man than his white foe, and had so often mastered the warriors of his tribe that he had come to believe that no one could equal him in strength.

He was therefore considerably taken aback when he found that his white adversary was not a man to easily handle.

He could have sent an arrow into Bill's heart from a distance, but he had recognized the famous scout, and wished to gloat in having captured him alive and at the same time saved his chief's life.

Confident, therefore, he had not hesitated to match himself against the scout. As for Bill, he had feared that each moment might bring upon him some of his foes.

He had, therefore, been only surprised at the direction from whence the redskin had come.

Retaining his presence of mind, cool and determined to make it a death struggle, while he was delighted that no other Indians were in sight, he

began business at once, and the grip he got upon the savage was not shaken off.

Of all the men on that Southwest border, Buffalo Bill knew that he had never met his superior in strength, and he was therefore a little surprised that he could not have it all his own way with the Indian; but knowing that he had a foe worthy of him, he nerved himself harder to the task of triumphing over him.

Lying apart, Iron Arm gazed upon the fierce contest with interest.

By rolling in the way of the white man he might have worried him, and in many little ways aided his comrade; but he was too great a lover of sport to interfere, unless it was absolutely necessary to save his own life, and, in fact, realized then how little it was that he could do.

Like snakes wound together the two men fought, rolling over upon the rocks, rising to their knees, then to their feet, to fall again and wind about in every conceivable shape.

Now and then Buffalo Bill would free his good right arm from the grip of the Indian, and send his fist into his face with terrific force, but before it could be repeated the redskin would have his tenacious grasp upon him again, well knowing that such punishment, which he had neither the white man's skill nor power to deliver, would soon end the encounter.

Once in the fierce struggle Bill cast his eyes to where he had placed the maiden.

She was there, and, to his great relief, was still unconscious.

The Indian, finding he was not the match in strength for his white foe, determined to end the affair in his own way.

He felt his strength giving out; the few blows given had dazed him, and the power of endurance he possessed must yield to that of the scout.

"Red Dog has to die; paleface dies, too," he hissed, and he bent every effort to force Buffalo Bill to the edge of the cliff, for once there he knew the struggle would end but in one way.

By an exertion of superhuman strength the Indian transferred the scene of combat to the cliff brink before Buffalo Bill fully realized his fell purpose.

He had heard the words and understood them, for he spoke the Sioux tongue, but their import he did not grasp until he saw himself pressed toward the very edge of the cliff.

He had thought that the Indian meant that if he killed him he would be so used up by his victory as to die, too, but realizing now that the brave meant to plunge with him over the cliff, he put forth all his strength to prevent it.

CHAPTER CXX.

A TIMELY SHOT—AGAINST ODDS.

"Not so fast, Mr. Redman!" gasped Buffalo Bill, checking their flight to the precipice's edge by a giant effort, which enraged the Indian to madness, for he endeavored to fasten his teeth in the face of his foe.

The act of Red Dog was, however, understood by Iron Arm, who not wishing to lose his best brave, determined to make an effort to save him by doing all in his power.

At once he began to make his way as best he could toward the combatants, when his act was detected by Buffalo Bill, who quickly called out:

"Ho, Whirlwind! watch him! watch him, boy!"

The noble animal had stood apart, gazing with almost human interest upon the struggle, but at the call of his master he seemed to understand what was intended of him, and trotted right up to the bound renegade, showed his glittering teeth, and checked his further progress.

"Ha, ha! Iron Arm, I dare you to move!" cried Bill, panting for breath, and the chief knew better than to do so, for the vicious horse stood ready to jump upon him and trample him to death or to rend him with his teeth.

"Oh, God! must I remain quiet when a brute teaches me my duty?"

The words broke from the lips of the captive girl,

and she essayed to rise to her feet, as though to go to the aid of Buffalo Bill, who saw her movement.

But her deathlike pallor showed that her strength had gone from her, and she was unable to stand, and with a low moan her head dropped upon her breast, while she murmured:

"No, no, I cannot save him. I have not the power to move."

In the meantime the two fiercely struggling combatants had reached the very edge of the cliff, and, still grasping each other, lay glaring with savage hate, the one upon the other.

As thus they lay, the scout held the advantage, for the Indian was nearest to the precipice.

Could the redskin once more start to roll, he would go over the edge of the cliff with his paleface foe.

This Bill well knew, and he braced himself so as to prevent it.

Thus they lay for some minutes, gaining breath, and then Red Dog put forth every atom of strength for the last fatal struggle, and made his giant effort to go over the cliff with his enemy.

And so terrific was this effort that it was well-nigh successful; but, at the last instant, in the very nick of time, Buffalo Bill wrenched his body around and was thus carried to the very edge.

A moment of suspense, another struggle, and the redskin's body went over, and for one brief second of time it seemed as if his white adversary must follow him.

But the toes of his cavalry boots Buffalo Bill drove hard down upon the rock, his knees and elbows were thrust forward, and though they were blistered, they held firm, and he remained on the cliff, with the redskin swinging over, and each still locked in the other's clutch with a grip that death alone could separate.

In horror, the young girl gazed upon the sickening scene, and then, with a cry, she fainted.

As Iron Arm, the renegade, beheld the two, a curse broke from his lips, with the words:

"Good God, both must go now!"

The Indian knew well that the end had come, and

was prepared to meet it; but he would not release the grasp he held upon his life, and yet hoped to drag him over with him.

And the scout felt that it was but a question of time as to how long the Indian could hold out, and as to whether the redskin could use any means to drag him over was a still more anxious thought.

The latter idea seemed to strike Red Dog, as he saw that his white enemy was still capable of considerable endurance, while he was well-nigh exhausted, and he began to see if he could not work him over the hill in some way.

By jerks, he managed to draw him nearer the edge; but at this he knew he could not hold out long enough to accomplish his purpose, so he drew his legs up under him, and a yell of joy broke from his lips as he felt one foot touch the rocky wall beneath.

Buffalo Bill fully realized what advantage the redskin had gained, for, with the weight of his foe against him, added to a determination to force him over with him, and the pushing of his feet, he held him in his power, as lying flat upon the smooth rock he could get no purchase.

"By the stars but this is a hard death to die!" came from between Bill's white lips, but otherwise there was no crying out against his fate.

He had faced death boldly with the hope of life, and now, when there seemed no hope for him he would not repine, but would meet the end as a brave man should.

Slowly he felt himself slipping toward the very brink.

"You are drawing me pretty near the balance spot, redskin, and then down we go; but I'll not let go my grip on you till death gets his on me," grimly said Buffalo Bill.

But as he uttered the words he started, his eyes flashed, and a cry broke from his lips, a ringing cry of joy.

Then he shouted, in tones that sent the echoes flying down the canyon, and startled redskin and renegade alike:

"Fire, Pawnee!"

A yell came up from the valley below, then a whirring sound, and a death cry burst from the lips of the Sioux, as an arrow buried itself deep in his back between his shoulders.

He made one desperate effort to drag his foe with him, and then his grasp released, while the scout quickly recovered his balance, and keeping his hold upon the Sioux with his left hand, dragged his knife from his belt with his right hand and hissed:

"I want your scalp, Mister Redskin."

With the words, the trophy was torn from the head, and releasing his grip upon his foe, Buffalo Bill saw him dash downward with the speed of an arrow to crush to a shapeless mass upon the rocks far below.

It must be admitted that Buffalo Bill had well-nigh met his match in Red Dog, the Sioux, though under other circumstances he might have found the Indian more easy to handle.

The redskin was stripped for the fray and had the advantage of attacking under a surprise, while the scout was hampered by his clothing, and had been knocked down at the outset, which, momentarily, was a drawback.

Had he been able to hold his own and keep himself from slipping, the strength of the Indian would soon have given out, and he would have dropped, leaving his foe in safety.

But the wary Indian was not going alone to death, and with the slight resistance to being dragged over which Bill could make, he had the tide turn in his favor, and but for the shot of the Pawnee in the valley below, there is no doubt but that the scout would then and there have had his life end.

He was pretty well used up by the struggle, and after his last effort, which secured for him the scalp, he was forced to rest right there where he lay to gain breath.

His head still over the cliff, he saw the Pawnee hastily leaving the spot from whence he had fired his timely and fatal shot, and then beheld him disappear in a thicket, where he knew there was a trail leading to the cliff.

Anxious about the maiden, whom a glance had shown him had a second time lost consciousness, Bill shook himself together, as it were, and slowly rose to his feet.

Turning, he started back, for he saw that he was again in trouble.

In the first blow of the falling Indian upon his back he had had his revolver knocked from his hand, and in the fierce struggle that followed, his second pistol had been torn from his belt and now lay some distance from him.

Now he stood armed only with his bowie knife, while confronting him, and standing within ten feet of him, were three Sioux warriors, their arrows set and drawn back, ready for their flight into his bosom did he make the slightest hostile demonstration.

Buffalo Bill was never thrown off his balance, no matter what occurred, and a glance was sufficient to show him that he was in a deadly fix.

Then a look to one side showed him the crouching form of the captive girl, again conscious, and her frightened eyes roaming from his face to the three warriors.

Next, he glanced at Iron Arm, and beheld that worthy upon the ground, his face full of triumph, and wearing a gloating smile.

"Well, I'm in bad luck, it seems," he said, coolly, addressing the renegade.

"Yes, you certainly are, while I am in good luck to have Cunning Wolf and his two braves come suddenly to my rescue.

"You'll up with your hands, of course, for I don't wish my two warriors to have to kill you?"

"I am no fool, Iron Arm, to commit suicide by resisting, where there is not the ghost of a chance for me."

"Then you surrender?"

"Of course."

"I do not promise to save you."

"Nor do I ask it, but I do ask that you let that poor girl go."

"Never."

"Will you prove yourself less merciful than the savages you herd with?" asked Buffalo Bill.

"This is none of your affair."

"I have made it such."

"And you are in my power as is that girl."

"She knows my terms, and if she accedes to them, all will be well—if she refuses, then upon her head rest what follows."

"Oh, sir, I do not know him, and yet he says that he seeks revenge upon me and mine," cried the young girl, again striving to rise, but finding herself unable to do so.

"Bah! you talk like a mad woman, Rilla Rivers, for well do you know me, and you shall find out that I will keep my word.

"This fool here has sought to rescue you from me, and you see that he has but shortened his days by so doing, for my warriors will torture him to death, for long have they wished to get this Curse of the Trail, as they call him, in their power."

"And you came here to rescue me?" said the girl, in a low, earnest voice, turning to Buffalo Bill.

"Yes, lady."

"But you are not one of my friends, so why risk your life for me?"

"I risked my life for you, lady, as I would for any one in danger, and I only regret that I have not been able to keep the pledge I made to your father and rescue you."

"The pledge you made my father?" said the maiden, in a dazed kind of way.

"Yes, lady; but do not give up hope, for I'm not so sure that yonder renegade has it all his own way yet."

"Ha! you think that you have aid at hand?" cried Iron Arm, who had not known of the existence of the Pawnee in the valley, nor understood Bill's words addressed to him, but who had supposed that he had managed to get hold of his knife, and thus rid himself of his red foe.

Still bound, for his warriors had glided upon the scene, their bows bent upon Bill, Iron Arm lay where

he had been left by Buffalo Bill, with Whirlwind standing guard over him.

To one side of the maiden, crouching down in the edge of the thicket, and across the trail, near the chief, stood the warriors, with the scout upon the cliff, his arms folded upon his broad breast.

With his face turned from the cliff, the scout alone saw that another person had glided upon the scene to make it more thrilling.

The suspicion once awakened in the mind of Iron Arm, the renegade, that the scout had aid at hand, from his words, caused that worthy to glance quickly about him into the gathering shadows whither the eyes of Bill were turned.

But he saw nothing to make him alarmed; yet, anxious, called to one of his warriors to release him of his bonds, while he remarked:

"I'll feel safer, Bill Cody, when I have you a prisoner in my village."

The scout laughed lightly, and the warrior stepped forward to release his chief. But suddenly the red-skin threw up his arms and fell dead upon him, an arrow in his heart.

With a cry of alarm, the other two warriors turned to face their foe, and one sank to his knees, his battle cry upon his lips, as an arrow buried itself in his broad breast.

With a bound, Buffalo Bill was upon the third, who had forgotten that he had left a dangerous foe in his rear, while facing about to find the one who had so quickly sent his comrade to the happy hunting grounds.

With his war cry cut short by the iron grip of the scout upon his throat, the Sioux had no time for resistance, ere he felt the keen blade of his white foe forcing itself deep into his bronze bosom, while his glazed eyes beheld suddenly bound upon the scene the deadly foe of his people, Red Snake, the Pawnee pard of Buffalo Bill.

"The Red Snake has twice saved his white brother; he is a great chief," cried the scout, dropping the burly form of the dying Indian and grasping the hand of the Pawnee, who answered:

"The Pawnee is glad when the heart of the Thunderbolt is pleased; but the Sioux are yonder like leaves, and we must be on the trail."

"You are right; so just get that renegade chief's horse yonder, for this lady, and we will be off; but where is your animal?"

The Indian pointed down in the valley, and stooping over the three slain Sioux, quickly took their scalps, while Buffalo Bill said with a light laugh:

"Well, renegade, I've won the game once more."

"And do you intend to carry me a prisoner with you to the settlements?" somewhat anxiously asked the renegade.

"No, for I have no time to bother with you; but I warn you, the next time, Iron Arm, you and I will be quits. When I believed you different from what you are now I served you, and you more than repaid that service afterward, I admit, and this alone saves you now; but beware of our next meeting."

"This is a threat, Buffalo Bill."

"Yes."

"Then you beware of our next meeting," was the hoarse rejoinder.

The scout laughed lightly and remarked as he walked toward the girl:

"Make your way as best you can, Iron Arm, to your village, and set your warriors upon my track, if they can find it in the darkness coming on."

Turning to the girl, he continued:

"Now, lady, we must get away from this, and you will have a hard ride before you; but once we reach the valley below we can defy pursuit, and you shall soon be returned to your friends."

"God bless you, sir," she said, faintly, while the scout severed the bonds that held her slender wrists.

It was with a great effort that she was enabled to stand, but the Pawnee led forward the renegade chief's horse, and Bill raised her to the saddle.

"Curse you, do you intend to steal my horse?" cried Iron Arm.

"I'll borrow him, renegade, and return him when I come back for your scalp. Good-by."

"We shall meet again, my gallant scout, and you

remember, Rilla Rivers, you may escape me now, but it is only for a time," called out the renegade chief, as the party moved rapidly away.

Seeking the nearest break in the steep hillside, they began the descent, and after considerable difficulty reached the valley, when their ears were greeted by the wild, ringing warwhoops of Iron Arm on the cliff above, summoning his warriors to his aid.

"Quick, Pawnee, run on and get the saddle from the dead horse under the cliff," cried Bill, as they neared the valley, and the Indian sped away like a deer.

Arriving at the spot, they found the Pawnee with the side saddle, which had been but little damaged by the fall, and it was quickly transferred to the back of the renegade's horse, and the maiden found a much more comfortable mount.

Red Snake, the Pawnee, then led his horse out of a thicket near by, and just as night fell upon the valley, the three fugitives started upon their flight for life, while the cliff above, upon which the lingering rays of the setting sun still rested, was seen to be crowded with a howling band of Sioux braves, who sent showers of arrows after their foes, and then disappeared to press on in hot pursuit.

"Come, we must not be taken now," said Buffalo Bill, sternly, and placing himself in the rear as a guard, he urged on the Pawnee and the maiden in advance.

But just then he glanced behind and saw, standing upon the edge of the cliff, the tall form of the renegade chief; and as he looked he heard a long, loud, winding cry from the lips of Iron Arm, and felt that it was some signal.

The next instant a shriek from the maiden startled him, and suddenly there shot past him the steed of the renegade, bearing her upon his back.

The cry of the chief had been a call to his horse, and the animal, faithful to its wicked master, was speeding back to him like the very wind, and bearing his victim upon his back.

"Save me! oh, save me!" shrieked the young girl,

in an agony of terror, unable to check the flying animal.

"Spring to the ground," yelled Bill, as he spurred away in pursuit, hotly followed by the Pawnee.

But the girl seemed dazed now, and did not obey, and as the fleet horse neared the cliff, at the base of which were now seen several warriors, Buffalo Bill hissed through his set teeth as he grasped his revolver:

"If I cannot save her I will kill her rather than have her meet the fate that awaits her there."

The animal was a good one, the fleetest of the tribe, and had the advantage of rest, while the scout's horse had not; but Bill felt confident that he could overtake the flying steed, and rescue the girl from her new danger, did he have a few moments to spare.

There had, however, come rapidly down from the cliff half a score of warriors on foot, and they stood in the shadow of the overhanging hill to catch their chief's horse when he should dash into their midst, and the scout did not doubt that there were others coming hastily to the scene.

He was determined to rescue the young girl at all odds, and rather than see her fall again into the clutches of Iron Arm, he was tempted, as he said, to kill her, for again a captive he saw no possible chance for her.

On dashed the horse bearing the maiden, right for the base of the cliff, where crouched the warriors, while above, distinctly visible in the lingering twilight stood Iron Arm loudly calling to the animal.

Coming on like a tornado in pursuit, was Buffalo Bill, and certainly gaining on the animal he pursued.

Bending forward in the saddle, as though all strength and hope had left her, was the maiden, clinging despairingly to the horse's mane and gazing upon the Indians in her front.

A few more bounds and the flying horse reached the base of the cliff, and half-a-dozen strong arms seized the bridle, while others drew her from the saddle.

That instant Buffalo Bill dashed upon the scene, his revolvers in either hand.

Then he sprang to the ground, and the rattle of his revolvers made deadly music, and he rushed directly upon the savages bearing the maiden away.

Instantly they were brought to bay, and turning, a fierce fight was begun while in thunder tones from the cliff above was spoken in the Sioux tongue:

"Let my warriors take that paleface alive."

The scout had reached the side of the young girl and had grasped her about the waist, at the same time attempting to retreat, but at the cry of their chief, the warriors rushed upon him in a mass, and although several fell beneath his unerring aim, he was borne down by numbers, and secured with buckskin thongs, with the quickness and perfection which only an Indian can attain.

But in the midst of the struggle, when eight or nine warriors were upon him, Buffalo Bill had noticed one thing which gave him hope, and which, cunning and observing as they were, escaped the eyes of the Sioux.

He had seen a tall form glide forward and then retreat, leading away Whirlwind and the horse of Iron Arm, and escaping with them undetected in the darkness.

"The Pawnee yet lives, if they have got me and the girl," muttered Bill, in his cool way, and he glanced toward the girl, who had also been bound and stood near.

A call came from the chief on the cliff to bring the captives up there, and wishing to distract their attention from the horses, Bill said, in a low tone to the maiden:

"Do not walk, but make them carry you. I have a motive in asking it."

She bowed assent, and they both stood still when urged by the Indians to move on.

Finding their commands useless, the warriors were forced to carry their captives, the scout giving them so much trouble that it took half-a-dozen to take care of him.

"My braves will return for their dead brothers," said the chief of the party, motioning toward the three dead warriors.

"Yes, and your braves will find them scalped, or I don't know the Pawnee," muttered Buffalo Bill to himself, at the same time doubling up a huge red-skin by driving his head with terrific force just above his belt, and causing him to utter a howl of rage and pain.

With great difficulty, the Sioux at last got their captives up to the ridge, where they were met by the chief, who came forward in the darkness and said grimly:

"Well, my Thunderbolt, you are again in my power."

"Yes, renegade, the luck's against me just now," was the cool reply.

"And you, too, my sweet Rilla, I shall have the pleasure of entertaining as my guest."

"Again I tell you, renegade, I am not the one you think me to be."

"Bah, don't be a fool, girl, for my eyes do not deceive me. You are Rilla Rivers and no one else. But come, we will not tarry here, but on to the village."

"You, Cunning Wolf, caught my horse and the animal that belonged to this scout?" and the last was addressed to the Sioux chief and in that tongue.

Running Wolf had to confess that he had forgotten about the horses in the excitement of catching the captives.

"Then send several of your young braves to look them up and bring them on to the village," was the order, and the party moved up the ridge, Bill giving no further trouble, to the surprise of his captors.

A walk of a mile or more brought them to the Sioux village, situated in a fastness of the mountains, and a most secure retreat.

Tepee fires blazed here and there, and a vast crowd of braves, squaws and children assembled to greet the prisoners, and heap upon them abuse that made the maiden shudder as she gazed into the cruel, wild faces about her.

Into a log cabin which the white chief had built for his own use, the two captives were thrust, and before the door was placed a guard.

"There is a room for you, Rilla Rivers, and one for you, Cody, and you can make yourselves comfortable here until morning," said Iron Arm, and he turned and left the cabin, while his fair captive sank down upon a bed of skins with a moan of despair.

But Buffalo Bill at once began to look about him to see what chance he had of escaping.

CHAPTER CXXI.

THE PAWNEE—PURSUED.

Through a lookout in the door in his part of the cabin Bill spied the tall form of the renegade chief approaching, and the next moment he stood before him and asked angrily:

"Are you alone in these mountains, Buffalo Bill?"

"No; I have the company of yourself and about as bad a lot of red cutthroats about me as man could wish to avoid."

"You understand me, sir; I asked if you had comrades here with you, for I thought my braves had killed that Indian who was with you."

"Did they say so?"

"They hinted as much, but the Indians you killed under the cliff have just been brought in, and they have been scalped."

"Then I guess the Pawnee still lives," and Bill laughed.

"Then, by Heaven, this shall be his last night on earth, for I shall put every brave in this village on his track at dawn," and Iron Arm wheeled angrily and left the cabin, unheeding the sobbing sounds that came from the adjoining room.

Soon after his departure, the village began to quiet down, and Bill stood at the door, his eyes at the lookout, watching the Indian guard who was standing like a statue so near him.

The sobbing of the maiden soon ceased, for weary nature caused her to drop off into a deep sleep.

The scout's feet were hobbled together, and his hands were tied tightly behind his back, so that to free them seemed impossible.

There was a log wall dividing him from the next

room, and a narrow doorway over which hung a buffalo robe as a curtain.

The room he was in was used as a kitchen by the renegade chief, and the other was where he slept, kept his arms and the trophies of his chase.

The maiden, Bill knew, also had her hands tied behind her back, so it did not seem that he could expect any help from her; but an idea flashed through his mind and he determined to act upon it promptly.

Making his way into the next room, he cautiously aroused his fellow captive.

"Oh, where am I?" she groaned.

"Sh. I am working a little plot to get out of this, and need your aid."

She was awake now, fully, and arose wearily as she answered in response:

"I will do all I can to aid you."

"Stand up and turn your back to mine."

She did so, and Bill at once began to work at the thongs that bound her wrists.

His own hands were cramped with the buckskin strings about his wrists, and it was slow and painful work; but after a long while he managed to untie the knots, turning now and then to aid with his white, sharp teeth.

"Now you are free. Rub your hands so as to make the blood circulate, and begin on me," whispered Bill.

The young girl obeyed, and with nails, teeth and fingers, worked untiringly until he had also free hands. Then it was but a little task for him to untie the thongs about his ankles.

"Why, how foolish I have been not to think of it," suddenly said the maiden.

"What?" asked Bill.

"That renegade chief hung your belt of arms on the wall there," and gliding forward in the darkness, she returned the next instant with his revolvers and knife, which he seized eagerly.

"Now I'm fixed, for my rifle I left hanging on my saddle horn."

"But do you intend to attempt to leave this camp?" asked the maiden.

"Indeed I do, and to take you with me. If we cannot find the Pawnee, I can get two good ponies from the Indian corral, and with several hours' start they'll find it hard to catch us."

"But that Indian guard?"

"Oh, he's wanted up in the happy hunting grounds, and I intend to put him on the right trail to get there."

She shuddered but said nothing; while Bill moved back into the next room, and cautiously peered through the lookout in the door.

As he did so, he saw a tall form coming directly toward the cabin.

The guard still stood where he had been when the scout first saw him, and his face was turned upon the one approaching him.

"I've got two to kill if that fellow comes into this cabin," muttered Bill, drawing his knife across his palm as though to feel its edge.

Straight up to the guard walked the newcomer, and Bill discovered that he wore the headdress of a chief; but still it was not the renegade.

As he looked, to his surprise, just as he uttered some words in a low tone, he saw him grasp the throat of the guard, and then followed the sickening thud of a knife thrust through flesh and bone.

"The Pawnee still lives," cried Bill, throwing open the door, and suddenly confronting the newcomer, who was holding tightly in his arms the dying warrior, whose voice vainly strove to break forth in a warning whoop.

"The Red Snake is welcome," said Buffalo Bill, as the Pawnee, disguised as a Sioux chief, now stepped toward him.

"More Sioux braves here?" asked the Pawnee, as though thirsting for more trouble.

"No, but see, I am free, and I was just going to eat that Indian up when you came, Red Snake.

"Oh, you are a darling in red colors. But come, we must get out of this, as I don't believe Iron Arm

will sleep a wink to-night, he will be so anxious about his captives."

Going back toward the cabin, Bill found that the maiden had hunted about in the darkness until she had discovered some Indian toggery, and this both she and the scout hastily put on as a disguise.

Then they left the cabin, taking the course the Pawnee had come, and without discovery reached the outer limits of the camp, Red Snake knowing just where the sentinels were placed, and leading the way between without being seen.

Gaining the ridge leading to the cliff, they continued on their way until they reached the trail descending to the valley, and just then they heard a wild yell back in the Indian village.

"That's Iron Arms' sweet voice, and he has discovered our escape," coolly said Bill, supporting his fair companion, who suddenly leaned hard upon him, as though fearing the worst.

Instantly following, the wildest yells were heard up at the village, showing that the alarm was spreading, and the maiden murmured:

"Again we are lost."

"Oh, no, miss, for we have a good start, and the darkness will prevent their knowing which way we have gone—ha!"

Just then they had reached the valley, and before them they heard voices, and quickly shrank back into the shadow of some trees, for advancing toward them up the trail leading up the side of the ridge were three forms.

"They are the young braves sent out after the horses. Use your bow and arrows, Snake," whispered Bill, and with the last word a messenger of death was sent flying swiftly upon its course.

The first knowledge of the presence of foes which the three returning braves had was to hear the twang of a bow string, the whirr of an arrow, the thud, and one of their number sank dead in his tracks.

The other two were young bucks, and being taken by surprise, both bounded away like frightened deer, one of them to be overtaken by an arrow which wounded him and brought him down, but springing

to his feet he was about to rush on after his flying comrade, when he beheld bounding toward him the tall form of the implacable Pawnee.

He gave a shout of defiance and tried to fit an arrow to his bow, but he was too late, for Red Snake was upon him, and a short, fierce struggle followed.

"Two more scalps," coolly said Red Snake, as Buffalo Bill and the maiden came up.

"Yes, you've got hair enough on this trip to start a hair mattress shop; but come, one of those fellows got away, and he'll soon have the whole tribe on our track.

"Where are the horses?"

"Red Snake find horses," was the quiet response, and he led the way across the valley to a thicket, where the three animals were lariatd out, having enjoyed a rest and a few hours' pull at the rich grass, which grew in abundance about them.

The horses were quickly saddled, and, mounting, they set forth at a gallop, keeping along the base of the foothills, determined to strike the prairie at a point further up.

As for the maiden, she had regained her presence of mind, and the moment she was in the saddle, and to prevent another call of the kind which had caused their recapture in the afternoon, the scout put her upon Whirlwind, while he rode the horse of the renegade.

As he had feared, soon behind them resounded the wild call of Iron Arm for his horse, and the animal at once wheeled to the right about and attempted to dart away.

But he found that he had not a helpless maiden upon his back, but a master, who dragged him back upon his haunches with a force which he could not resist, and then drove the spurs into his flanks in a manner which made him snort with pain, and be glad enough to hasten on after those he had attempted to desert.

"Thunderbolt make horse much scare," said the Pawnee with a grin, while the young girl remarked:

"You have conquered him, sir."

"I have at least set him to thinking," laughed

Bill, and turning short off from the foothills, they struck out across the prairies.

"Now, why could not that moon have risen later?" Bill inquired, as the moon rose above the horizon of the prairie.

"You think it will show the Sioux where we are?" asked the maiden.

"Undoubtedly, but we are splendidly mounted and have little to fear," and at a sweeping gallop they held on, the horse of the renegade now and then making a halt to run back, but quickly checked by the scout, who each time taught him the lesson that he was master.

"Sioux come!" suddenly said the Pawnee, who had been glancing over his shoulder back toward the hills.

Both glanced quickly behind them and beheld a dark, moving mass coming directly upon their track, yet a long distance off.

"Yes, they have seen us, and are pressing on in a hurry, and there are fully a hundred of them," coolly said the scout.

"Do you think it possible to escape them, sir, for I would rather die than fall into the hands of that wicked man," said the girl.

"Oh, yes, with this start and these horses we could run them out of sight. Come, let us drop that crowd, and then we can double on them and have ample time to rest."

"Red Snake say go," answered the Indian, and instantly the three horses were pressed into a run.

"Keep at it, old fellow, for we are leading them," said Bill, after some time had passed, and it was evident that though their pursuers were pushing their horses hard, the fugitives were gaining upon them.

"Can our horses stand this killing pace?" asked the maiden.

"Whirlwind and the Pawnee's horse can, miss, and from the way that this animal I ride runs I think he has plenty of wind, while he certainly is very fast."

"We evidently could not have gotten three faster animals together; but see, the Sioux are no longer

visible, and when we strike yonder stream ahead, we will come a dodge upon them," and Bill pointed to a dark line of timber half a mile ahead, which he knew fringed the banks of a small stream.

"Which way, Snake?" he asked, as he neared the timber.

"Down stream," was the reply.

"And so on round through the Tiger country?" asked Bill in a low tone.

"Yes."

"There is danger in the company we have," and the scout nodded toward the maiden.

"Sioux think we no go that way, for we 'fraid chaparral tigers.

"They go up stream, we go down; leave Tater, then go to ranch."

"You are right, as you always are, for there is no need of going as far as the chaparrals, only far enough to throw the reds off our tracks.

"Here we are, and in we go."

Into the stream, which was very shallow, they plunged, and turning the heads of their horses down stream, kept in the shadow of the timber for half an hour, when they boldly struck out upon the prairie once more, again pressing their animals into a run, for they had gained a temporary rest by the slow pace at which they had lately been going.

And thus on through the night they held their hurried way, until at dawn they entered a clump of timber and threw themselves from their panting horses.

"Now, miss, you can get some rest, and when you wake up, you shall have as good a breakfast as we can get for you," said Bill.

But the worn-out girl had already dropped down upon the velvet grass and sank into an exhausted slumber.

"Poor girl, she has had a hard time of it, and I only wonder she has not lost her reason," muttered Bill, as he unsaddled the horses and lariatied them out nearby, while the Pawnee climbed a tree to take a wide view of the prairie, as soon as the coming daylight would permit.

And in a home, watching, waiting and hoping for the rescue and early coming of his daughter was Raoul Rivers, the rich "Don," as he was called by the half-Mexican people living near his ranch.

When Rilla Rivers had been stolen from her home by a band of raiding Indians, Don Raoul Rivers had at once sought the lone ranch of Buffalo Bill, where the great scout lived with a Pawnee chief as his only companion, and supposed to be a cattleman on a small scale, but in reality serving the Government and watching the Indians and outlaws, and reporting to the several forts.

"I will try to rescue your daughter," had said Buffalo Bill.

But as the days went by and the scout did not appear, Don Rivers began to despair.

Don Rivers was standing on the turreted top of his hacienda, gazing, as he had done hour after hour, far off over the prairies, in the direction from which he expected that Buffalo Bill would return.

"No, no, my beautiful child is lost—lost.

"The Indians have met the scout and killed him, and they have my poor Rilla in their power.

"Oh, curses upon them, but I will devote my life to avenging her—— Ah, what is that I see?"

He strained his eyes far across the prairie, and as his face flushed, he cried:

"There is some excitement yonder. See! my cattlemen are rushing toward a given point, and now they halt and wave their hats.

"Yes—they come this way.

"Now, as the dust lifts, I see—I see. Oh, God! I see my child!"

The strong man fairly shrieked the last words, and clasping his hands he dropped upon the stone roof and his lips moved in prayer.

Springing to his feet again, he gazed out upon the prairie.

"Yes, it is my beautiful Rilla that is coming back to me, and by her side rides that Prince of Plainsmen whom men call the Thunderbolt.

"Ah, and that Indian, his friend, the Pawnee,

rides upon the other side of Rilla, while my gallant herders are dashing out to intercept them.

"Bravo, bravo, my gallant Buffalo Bill, you have kept your pledge," shouted Don Rivers, as the scout, the maiden and the Pawnee dashed under the walls of the hacienda, followed by a score of cowboys who had been herding upon the prairies, and, seeing them, joined them, while they made the air ring with their wild yells of joy.

Hastening from the roof, Don Rivers sprang forward just as Buffalo Bill lifted the maiden from her saddle, and clasped her in his arms, while he cried in thrilling tones of joy.

"Back to my heart again, my Rilla."

To his dismay, his daughter did not return his embrace, but releasing herself, while her beautiful face flushed and paled by turns, she said:

"Oh, senor, I am not your daughter."

"You are not my daughter?" gasped Don Rivers, looking at her with a glance of commingled pain and dismay.

"No, senor," was the firm reply.

"You are not the Senorita Rivers?" asked the don, in a whisper.

"I am not, sir, and I regret to give you this pain; but surely you should know your daughter well enough to see that I am a wholly different person."

This was spoken in a kind yet firm tone, and the maiden looked the don squarely in the face.

"Good God, her sufferings have driven her mad," cried the Mexican in a quivering voice, turning his gaze upon Buffalo Bill, who looked on with amazement, as did several servants who had congregated there to welcome back their young mistress.

"I fear so, sir, and God knows I do not wonder at it," Bill sadly answered.

"Pardon, senors, but I am not mad, though I do wonder that I have my reason after all I have gone through; but I am not the Senorita Rivers, senor."

The don stepped closer to the maiden and gazing into her face most earnestly, said thoughtfully:

"No, there can be no mistake, for you are my child that I had given up as lost to me forever."

"When did you see your daughter last, senor?" asked the maiden.

"Not one week ago."

The maiden started and then asked:

"And am I so like her?"

"You are my poor Rilla."

"No, senor, I am not your daughter, but how did she leave you?"

"She rode out upon the prairies and was captured by the Indians. Do you not remember, Rilla?" and the don looked piteously into the maiden's face.

"I, too, rode out upon the prairies a week ago, senor, and I was captured by the Indians, and rescued by this noble scout and his Indian ally."

"Yes, yes; I pursued my child, and sought this brave man; Buffalo Bill, and he pledged me his word to bring you back, and he has done so."

"Oh, senor, there is some mystery in this, for I repeat it, I am not the one you believe me, much as I may resemble her."

"You are, for you have her voice, her eyes, her face, her form, ay, the very riding habit she wore the day I saw her last. Come, my child, I know that you have suffered, and that all seems like a nightmare, like some hideous dream to you, now; but soon all will come round well, and my little Rilla will soon sing as merrily as the birds, and forget all her troubles. Come, my child," and Don Rivers would have led her away. But she drew back from him and answered firmly:

"Senor, why will you not believe me, when I tell you I am not your daughter? Do you, sir, believe me to be the Senorita Rilla?" and she turned to the scout, who answered:

"I never knew that lady, miss."

"And your servants, senor, do they believe me to be your daughter?" and she turned to those who stood near.

Instantly Rilla's old nurse stepped forward and gazed upon the young girl, and asserted sadly:

"Yes, you are the Senorita Rilla; but, poor child, your head is not right now."

The maiden stamped her foot impatiently and said:

"This is remarkable, but I am not your daughter, *senor*. Ah, now I recall it, the renegade chief called me Rilla Rivers, and said he had captured me to avenge himself upon me for discarding his love. I laughed at him at first, and then I deemed him mad, and fled from him, and, oh, to what a fate would I have not gone but for you, *senor*!" and she turned to Bill, while Don Rivers, also turning to him, asked:

"Did she say she was not my daughter, *senor*, while you were coming here?"

"No, sir, but then we were pressed too hard to have much to say; but I do recall that she asked me to let her leave me at our last camping-place, and I wondered at it, and thought her mind wandering, so told her we would soon be in safety; but can there be no mistake, *senor*?"

"None; she is my child," firmly declared the don.

"Pardon, Don Rivers, but is there nothing about your daughter by which you could prove that I am not mad nor trying to deceive you?"

"How mean you?" sadly asked the don.

"Her saddle that she rode away with, for instance, for mine is upon the horse I rode back. Then, too, her dress, her jewels—see, did your daughter have jewels like these?"

She drew off her gauntlet gloves as she spoke, and displayed her fingers full of rings with precious stones.

The don seized her hand and cried eagerly:

"No, not one of these jewels belonged to my child, but——"

"The saddle is not the one upon which the *Senorita* Rilla rode away, *senor*," said a servant, entering at that moment.

A deathlike silence fell upon all.

Could it mean that this girl, the image of Rilla Rivers, was indeed another person.

Just then the old nurse stepped up closely to the maiden and touched her ear, while she said in a low tone:

"*Senor*, this *senorita* wears earrings, while the *Senorita* Rilla never had her ears pierced."

To her side sprang Don Rivers, and then he tottered backward, crying:

"She tells the truth—this is not my child, though, God knows, she is her living image."

—

CHAPTER CXXII.

A STRANGE MISHAP.

It was certainly a hard matter for Don Rivers to be brought to believe that the maiden before him was not really his daughter.

The *Senorita* Rilla Rivers had ridden out upon the prairies, as was often her wont, and a party of cowboys had seen her captured by a band of Indians.

The don had given chase, and had, when finding that they were making for their stronghold in the mountains, sought the aid of Buffalo Bill, the *ranchero*, and that gallant prairieman had boldly invaded the Indian country and rescued a maiden whom he believed to be the one.

Now, this maiden, found where it would be natural to suppose the don's daughter would be, boldly asserted that she was not Rilla Rivers.

The very image of her, her form the same in size, and dressed in a habit that certainly looked like that worn by the kidnaped maiden, yet denying that she was the daughter of Don Rivers, and having certain proofs that she was not.

All this, with the dreaded fate that might have overtaken his daughter, nearly drove the don wild, and he walked off to his library in no enviable frame of mind.

"Come, let us follow him, and there solve this mystery, for, if you are not, as you say, and as I now almost believe, the *senorita*, then I must take some steps for her rescue at once," and Buffalo Bill led the fair stranger after the don.

As they reached the library they found him about to return to them, having partially regained control of himself, and seeing them, he said in a voice that trembled:

"Pardon my rudeness, senorita, and you, senor, but I am wholly unnerved at this fall from joy to despair, but you are my guests, and I will do all that I can for you."

"No, Don Rivers, I must take the trail to find your daughter, and I will be off as soon as my horse and the animal of the Pawnee have rest."

"Thank you, my noble friend, but you need rest yourself, and food, and my servants will look to your comfort, and yours, senorita, for though you are not my child, you are so like her that you have a warm place in my heart, and most gladly would I have you remain with me, if you have not other friends to whom you can go."

"I thank you, senor, but I have other friends who look for me as anxiously as you do for your daughter. I was captured by the Indians while riding alone upon the prairies, and there seems no doubt, from what occurred in the Indian camp, but that I was mistaken for your daughter. To this brave senor I owe my escape, and in my heart I thank him for my life, and for my rescue from a cruel fate, and I feel that he will bring you tidings of the Senorita Rilla if mortal man can do so."

"I rescued you, miss, for the Senorita Rilla, but I am glad for your own sake that I was able to do so. Now, let me offer my services to conduct you to your home, whenever you desire to return to your friends, though I would advise, as you are nearly worn out, that you permit me to inform them of your safety, while you remain as the don's guest for some days."

Across the maiden's pale face came a flush as she replied:

"Thank you, sir; but if Don Rivers will permit me a few days' enjoyment of his hospitality, I will accept it, and if you will lend me the animal I rode here I will return to my friends without troubling you any more, and your horse I will send back to you."

"The horse was Iron Arm's, miss, and you can have him; but I advise you not to go alone to your home."

"My house is open to you, senorita, as long as you

please to remain, and my stable is at your service, while, when you are ready to return to your friends I will escort you there, with a guard of my gallant cowboys," said Don Rivers.

Buffalo Bill noticed a slight smile cross the face of the young girl which he could not understand, but she thanked the don for his kind offer, and then turned to follow a servant who led her to her rooms.

"Well, Senor Cody, what do you make of all this?" asked the don, when the two were alone together.

"It is most mysterious, sir, and I intend to solve the mystery, for I noticed that the young lady did not frankly tell who she is, or in any way account for herself."

"I did not deem it possible for two persons to be so alike, though I am now convinced that she is not my child; but, oh, senor, where is my poor, poor Rilla?"

"Don Rivers, that I shall soon know, for I will at once start upon the trail, as every moment is precious; but I must ask of you two of your best horses for myself and the Pawnee."

"You shall have them, and there are no better animals on the prairie than those I can mount you on—but, by the way, what was the color of the horse ridden by my fair but mysterious guest, for poor Rilla rode away on a snow-white?"

"Another proof, sir, that this lady is not your daughter, for she was not mounted on a white horse, nor was there any animal of that kind ridden by any of the Indians who captured her; but I will get off as soon as you order our horses, sir."

"But you need rest, senor?"

"No, I am seldom tired; but I wish to know the favorite rides of your daughter, where she was last seen and when."

Having gleaned what information he could, and well mounted and equipped for his trip, Buffalo Bill rode out of the hacienda with Red Snake by his side.

With the slight clew he could obtain from the servants who had seen the Senorita Rilla Rivers ride

away from the hacienda, Buffalo Bill set to work to solve the mystery of her disappearance.

Reaching the spot upon the prairie where she had been last seen by a peon, he looked about and found there the tracks of her horse, though days that had passed since her departure left them very obscure indeed.

"Now, for a big talk," said Buffalo Bill, staking his horse out and calling to Red Snake, who followed the example of his paleface comrade and friend, and came and sat down upon the grass by the side of the rancho.

"Me hear," he said, simply.

"Well, we have been barking up the wrong tree."

"Ugh."

"In other words, we rescued the wrong girl."

"Me hear."

"We struck a blind trail."

"Ugh."

"I am glad we got that pretty little girl out of a bad scrape; but we have now to get the Senorita Rilla out of a fix."

"Chief speak straight."

"We've got to go straight, for I have given my word to the don to rescue his daughter."

"Keep um, too."

"Or we will know her fate."

"Guess so."

"And make the hair fly if harm has befallen her."

"Get much scalps."

"We will; but what is to be done?"

"Trail there," and the Indian pointed to the trail.

"But very faint."

"It good."

"Well, where does it lead?"

"Llano Estacado."

"To the Staked Plains, you think?"

"Ugh."

"It certainly goes in that direction, and she may have fallen into the hands of the Wild Riders of the Staked Plains."

"May be, but them paleface."

"So is Iron Arm, the renegade chief, and the poor

girl might as soon have looked for mercy from the Chaparral Tigers as from him."

"Ugh," said Red Snake, not wholly mastering the words.

"Now we will be off and push on till night, and then camp on the trail."

"Red Snake ready," was the calm response, and leading his horse, an elegant animal, for the don had mounted the rancho and the Indian with the best his stable afforded, the Pawnee set off on foot slowly following the time-worn trail, while the scout came on behind, his eyes also bent on the faint signs by which Rilla Rivers was to be tracked.

Until the gathering shadows forced them to halt, the two continued on their way, and then they camped in a small clump of timber, and after a substantial supper, were glad enough to seek rest, which they so much needed.

Not a sound disturbed their slumbers through the night, and at the first glimmering of day they were awake and preparing breakfast.

The meal over, they pushed on through the timber, to come to a sudden halt, while Buffalo Bill threw himself from the saddle, the redskin being already on foot.

"Ugh," said the Pawnee.

"Yes, there has been trouble here, for the horse ridden by the senorita was certainly caught here with a lariat, for there is where he bounded to one side, and here is where he was checked by the rope while the man that threw it stood behind that large tree."

"More tracks, too," quickly said the Pawnee, pointing to other hoof marks further away.

"Yes, and they are shod."

"Chaparral Tigers."

"You are right; and they will hold the girl for a large ransom from her father, for I cannot believe that they would harm her, or kill her."

"Much bad paleface."

"You are right; they are a hard lot, and equal to any crime, but I believe it is gold they want by kidnapping Miss Rivers, and if I have my way they'll get lead instead.

"Come, get on your horse, for we can follow the trail rapidly now."

A ride of some miles brought the chaparral, dark and dismal, before them.

They well knew its dangers, not only from the outlaw band that had their den in its fastnesses, but also from the brute tigers, scarcely more ferocious than their human namesakes, who had their haunts in the dense retreat.

Narrow bridle paths only penetrated the thorny jungle here and there, and to one unacquainted with the chaparral, death must certainly follow close upon the heels of the bold invader of the thorny thicket.

But Buffalo Bill had before been through the chaparral, and the Indian had once made it his home, while hiding from his foes, so that they boldly rode along its dark and thorny walls, seeking an inlet into the dreary, desolate interior.

The scream of the chaparral tiger now and then came to their ears, making no impression upon their stout hearts, though their horses became wild with nervous fear of the danger before them.

"There is a path leading in at yonder tree," said Bill, pointing to a tree that soared above its companions.

"Red Snake know him."

"I guess it is the one used by the Man Tigers."

"Yes, him the one."

The wild scream of the tiger greeted them just then, as though in warning, and the animal ridden by the ranchero reared and plunged in terror, but the firm voice of his rider and the severe application of the spurs forced him into the dark recess, whither the Indian closely followed him, and the invasion of the chaparral, the haunt of the human and brute tigers, was begun.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

THE TIGERS.

Only a few rods had the ranchero penetrated into the darkness and danger of the chaparral, when a wild scream was heard just ahead.

"The tigers are abroad in force to-night, Snake," said Bill, coolly.

"Make much noise; fight, too," responded the Indian, and just then, as though to prove that the Indian had not belied the tiger nature, a huge yellow ball, as it appeared, dropped from a tree overhead, and fell directly upon the head and neck of the horse ridden by the ranchero.

By some strange freak, for it is not usual with their kind, the savage beast had dropped upon the horse instead of the rider, and fastened his teeth and claws into the throat and neck of the doomed animal.

A savage growl, the tearing of flesh and crunching of bones, a wild, almost human, shriek from the poor horse, and steed, rider and tiger went down upon the earth.

Buffalo Bill was unhurt, and could have emptied his revolver into the glossy hide of the savage brute, but his presence of mind did not desert him, and he knew he did not dare fire a shot there, if he would not alarm the Man Tigers and bring them upon him.

So he drew his knife, and throwing himself upon the maddened brute, clinging to the throat of the struggling horse, he drove the keen blade deep down into the body of the tiger.

Smarting with pain, the tiger turned upon his dangerous foe, to receive a stunning blow over the nose that momentarily dazed him; then Bill seized the beast's throat with a clutch of iron, and once, twice, thrice drove the blade home in the body.

The real chaparral tigers are hard to kill, and so Bill found it with this one, for he received an ugly blow from its paw, and got a gash in his arm from the sharp claws, before the brute dropped dead at his feet.

"Much big fight. Paleface great chief," cried the Indian, coming up, his knife in his hand.

"I've killed the tiger, Snake, but he has done for my horse."

"Yes, horse much dead. Chief ride my pony. Red Snake walk."

"We may both walk before we get out of this; but let me put this poor fellow out of his misery."

The knife sank deep into the side of the tiger's victim, and with a quiver the life of the noble steed had ended.

"'Sh," warned Bill, as a sound came to his ears.

But the Indian had already heard it and stood on the alert.

The screams of other tigers were heard, far off in the chaparral, but these were unheeded now, for the sound that came to the ears of the two adventurous trailers was the hoof fall of a horse approaching.

Shrinking back into the dark undergrowth, the ranchero and the redskin waited, while the horse came on at a rapid walk.

Nearer and nearer he came, until he snorted as he drew close to the spot where the dead horse and tiger lay.

"Ho, Luis," cried a voice in Spanish, as he urged his horse forward, but the animal refused to move, and the rider called out:

"Luis, are you there?"

"Si," answered the scout in a faint voice.

"I feared it was you that the tiger had sprang on. Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, si," cried Bill, and then he added in Spanish, which he spoke well:

"Come to me."

With an oath at his horse, the man dismounted, and fastening the animal securely, he came slowly forward in the darkness.

First he stumbled over the dead body of the tiger, and again gave vent to his oaths.

Then he went sprawling over the dead horse, and this time cried out:

"*Carajo!* the tiger has killed your horse, you have killed the tiger, and now where and how are you, Luis?"

"I am not Luis, senior," said the scout, seizing the man in a clutch which he could not shake off, while the Indian tied him with a rapidity that was remarkable.

"Who are you?" gasped the frightened man.

"Men call me Buffalo Bill," was the quiet response.

"*Caramba*, I am a dead man," was the disconsolate exclamation.

"You are if you raise your voice above a whisper, and do not do as I tell you to. Now, who are you?"

"A poor devil of a Mexican, senior."

"On our soil, but for what purpose?"

"Hunting cattle the demon Gringos stole from me."

"Go lightly on demon Yankees, as you call them, senior, for I am under that head; but you have lost no stock, for you never had any that you did not steal, and your haunt is in this chaparral, for you are a Man Tiger."

The man crossed himself, and uttered a prayer against being anything so vile.

"Who is this Luis you supposed me to be?"

"My comrade, senior."

"Another Man Tiger?"

"Oh, no, senior, we are honest Mexicans."

"Where is Luis?"

"I expected to find him near the opening of the trail leading into the chaparral."

"Ah, he is doubtless on guard there, and you were going to relieve him."

The Mexican made no reply, and Bill continued:

"Come, we'll go and look up Luis, and then we'll have a little talk all together."

"Luis was not at the entrance when we came in, but he may have ridden off a little distance."

"See if you can find him, Snake, while I come on with this gentleman and his horse, which I shall need."

The Indian at once disappeared, while Buffalo Bill unfastened the Mexican's horse, and taking his saddle and bridle from his own dead animal, slowly followed the Indian with the animals and the prisoner.

He had gone but a slight distance when there came a savage growl followed by a yelp of pain, and then came the call of a chaparral nightbird.

"The Indian has found your comrade, senior, for that is the signal," said Bill, and hastening on, they

came out of the chaparral at the place where they had entered it half an hour before.

"Well, Snake?"

"Tiger man dead; most eat by tiger beast."

Bill saw the half-devoured form of a human being lying near, and by his side the huge tiger which the Indian had killed by sending an arrow through his heart.

"Your comrade died on duty, senor, and was doubtless caught unawares by his brute namesake springing upon him; but we did not see him when we entered the chaparral."

"Poor Luis," muttered the Mexican.

"Was he mounted?"

"Yes, senor, his horse is there."

The Indian went to the spot indicated, and soon returned leading the dead man's horse.

"Now, senor, you are a Man Tiger, you say?"

"I did not say so, senor."

"Well, I know that you are, and if you wish to save your neck now for the gallows hereafter, you'll tell the truth; if not, you will wish you had met Luis' fate. So tell me: Has the Tiger King, as they call your chief, a lady captive in his lair?"

The Mexican seemed to have made up his mind that all denials as to who he was were useless, so said frankly:

"He has, senor."

"Did he not kidnap the daughter of a haciendero some days ago?"

"Yes, senor."

"Ah! and brought her to the chaparral?"

"He did, senor."

"Then where did he take her?"

"To his stronghold."

"Where is it?"

"A dozen miles from here."

"Who is this Tiger King?"

The man was silent for a minute, and Buffalo Bill said, sternly:

"Answer me if you expect to save your life. If you do, and help me, you shall be well rewarded and will go free."

"He is known as Iron Arm, the Renegade, for he is a chief among the Indians and the leader of the Man Tigers also."

"Ah! where is he now?"

"He went to the Indian village of Chief Cunnig Wolf some days ago, and is not here now."

"Then it is easy for you to do as I tell you."

"How so, senor?"

"Go to the den, and tell the one in charge there that your chief has sent for his captive, intending to sell her, for a big ransom, back to her father, and you and two others are to guard her."

"Bring her to the timber island five miles out on the plain from here, on the side we entered, and we will take care of your companions, look after the young lady and then see that you go free and are well paid."

"Senor, you are Buffalo Bill?"

"I am."

"Your word is as good as gold to friend or foe."

"I try to have it so."

"I will trust you."

"Good. You can do so, and I'll see that Don Rivers pays you a large sum, but should he not, I will do so if it takes my last cent."

"I will trust you, senor."

"Swear it."

"I swear it, senor."

"By your hopes of hereafter?"

"I so swear it, senor."

"By your mother's memory?"

"Yes, senor."

"And I will trust you—now mount your horse and go."

"Senor."

"Yes."

"Luis was my brother, and we had made up our minds to leave the Man Tigers to-night, and that is why I was to meet him here."

"You are trusted by the band?"

"Yes, senor."

"Then you can do what I wish," and after some further talk with the man, Buffalo Bill made all ar-

rangements for his coming back with Miss Rivers, and the time he was to be at the timber.

"Bury poor Luis, senior," called back the man.

"We will."

The body of the Mexican was buried, wrapped in his blanket, and then Buffalo Bill said:

"Red Snake, you go on to the timber island and wait there, and I will stay here, or near here, until that fellow comes back, for I am certain that he will do so.

"If he comes with the girl and without the two men, well and good, but if he has to bring them along also, I will rig up in his brother's suit, take his horse and follow him, so as to be near when they ride into the timber and you open on them."

"Me understand," and the Indian soon after rode away in the darkness.

But dawn came, and the outlaws and the captive did not appear.

Going up to the edge of the chaparral, Buffalo Bill saw a horseman approaching, but as he looked, the animal stumbled and fell heavily.

The rider arose, unhurt, and after a short while started on foot toward the trail in the chaparral.

"It is Iron Arm, as I live," cried Buffalo Bill, and he ran back into the chaparral and went into hiding.

He had not long to wait before the man came along.

There was no mistake—it was Iron Arm, the renegade chief.

Buffalo Bill waited until he came close up to the big tree behind which he stood, and called out:

"Hands up or you die!"

The outlaw chief was completely caught, and he obeyed.

"Buffalo Bill, you here?"

"Yes, and alone with you—a meeting I delight in."

"I cannot say the same."

The scout quickly disarmed his man, and finding his revolvers empty, said:

"They are harmless."

"Yes, I have had a run for life, and emptied them upon the Wild Riders, who wounded my horse, and though he saved me, he dropped dead back on the trail, so I am in bad luck."

"Yes, and I should have killed you, only I could not do it in cold blood, and I will give you a chance for your life."

"What chance?"

"An equal one in a fight with me."

The man seemed surprised, and said:

"You are a square man, Buffalo Bill, that is certain.

"I am a renegade, the ally of redskins against my people, and, what you do not know, also the leader of the outlaw band of Man Tigers."

"I know it."

"Well, once I was different, and honorable, but I was poor and a woman I loved turned against me.

"I became crazed from a desire to get gold to win her.

"I thought only of gold, and hunted for it in the mountains, the streams everywhere—but in vain.

"At last, gold-crazed and determined to get it by foul means if I could not by fair, I became an outlaw, renegade, organized the band of Man Tigers, and have killed for gold ever since.

"That woman was she whom you rescued from me, for I had my red allies capture her, hoping she would learn to love me.

"As you see me I was returning to my stronghold in bad luck, and now I am your prisoner."

"Yes, and one of us must suffer death right here."

"Yes, one of us."

"But what was the name of the woman you loved, may I ask?"

"Why?"

"The one I rescued was Miss Rilla Rivers."

"Not so, it was Rita Rivers, the daughter of the captain of the Wild Riders, the patrol of the Rio Grande border."

Buffalo Bill whistled, for he had found out who the strange girl he had rescued was.

He had heard of Rita Rivers, the Girl Ranger of the Rio Grande, but had never seen her, and it was said that she was really the captain of the Wild Riders.

But he wished to know more, and he found out enough to convince him that the red allies of Iron Arm had captured the girl ranger instead of Rilla Rivers; while the outlaw chief's band had, by a strange coincidence, captured at the same time the daughter of Don Rivers.

But this the chief Iron Arm did not know.

"Well, Iron Arm, we will settle it here now between us, unless you wish to be taken hence and tried and hanged for your crimes."

"Never; either you or I shall die on this spot, Buffalo Bill," said the crazed gold hunter.

As he spoke, he whipped out from his shirt bosom a knife and made a spring upon the scout.

But Buffalo Bill was quick enough to turn the weapon on the knife he drew with lightning-like rapidity, and at once a duel with bowies began.

It was a desperate encounter, and although Buffalo Bill could have drawn a revolver with his disengaged hand, and ended it, he would not do so, and simply warded off the knife blows, until in a frenzy of rage Iron Arm tried to grasp a pistol from the scout's belt and got his hand upon it.

Then Buffalo Bill whipped out the companion weapon, and shot the outlaw through the brain in the very nick of time.

As he did so, hoofs were heard, and there appeared two horsemen and a horsewoman upon the scene.

Instantly Buffalo Bill recognized the Mexican who was to rescue Rilla Rivers, and quick as a flash his revolver was turned upon one of the two strangers, just as his ally, the outlaw, shot the other.

"Quick, senior, the shots will be heard, and we must fly from here," cried the Mexican, and Buffalo

Bill, seizing the two animals from which the men had been shot, called out:

"Miss Rivers, I am here to take you back to your father, but you must ride for it."

"Thank you, oh! thank you," said the girl, and she urged her horse forward, while the Mexican called out:

"Senor Buffalo Bill, you have killed the chief."

"Yes, but come on."

And ride for it they did, until the timber island was reached, and Red Snake was found waiting, but disappointed that he had not had a hand in the fight, and had a chance to get more scalps.

It was sunset when the hacienda was reached, and this time there was no mistake, for Rilla Rivers had been rescued—Buffalo Bill had kept his pledge to her father.

When they met, Rita Rivera and Rilla Rivers gazed upon each other in sheer amazement, for they were as like as twins—an accidental resemblance.

"I must explain," said Rita Rivera, "that I am the girl captain of the Wild Riders, and our mission was revenge against Indians and outlaws, who have caused us terrible suffering in their war against our kindred and our homes.

"That is why I did not like to be known; but now, Senor Cody, I will be glad to have you escort me back to my home, and in killing Iron Arm you have done a world of good."

"And saved me from him, for he was determined to get me into his power, as I well know now," added Rilla Rivers.

"Yes, you have done a world of good for all of us along the border," added the don.

"With the help of my Indian partner, Red Snake," was Buffalo Bill's modest reply.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THIS WEEK!

NEW CONTEST!

THIS WEEK

Who Has Had the Most Exciting Adventure?

Boys, the **PRIZE ANECDOTE CONTEST** closes this week. It has been one of the most successful ever conducted. The entry list has run up into many thousands. We have published the best anecdotes from week to week. Boys, you have done great work. Your stories were fine, and the winners richly deserve the prizes. Look in the "**Prize Anecdote Department**," and see for yourself what good stories the contestants turned in.

Boys, the contest was so successful that we are going to start another just like it.

HANDSOME PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FOR THE BEST ANECDOTES!

HERE IS THE PLAN!

You have all had some narrow escapes, some dangerous adventures in your lives! Perhaps it was the capsizing of a boat, or the scaling of a cliff, or a close shave in a burning building, or something else equally thrilling!

WRITE IT UP JUST AS IT HAPPENED!

We offer a handsome prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**. The incident, of course, must relate to something that happened to the writer himself, and it must also be strictly true.

It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

THIS CONTEST WILL CLOSE FEBRUARY 1.

Send in your anecdotes at once, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

Remember: Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published together with your name.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Two First-Class Spalding Sweaters.

Two Pairs Raymond's Roller Skates.

Five Pairs Winslow's Ice Skates.

Ten Spalding Long-Distance Megaphones.

The two boys who send us the best anecdotes will each receive a first-class Spalding Standard Athletic Sweater. Made of the finest Australian lambs' wool, exceedingly soft. Full fashioned to body and arms, and without seams of any kind. Colors: White, navy, blue, black and maroon.

The two boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a pair of Raymond's All Clamp Ball Bearing Roller Skates. Bearings of the finest tempered steel, with 128 steel balls. For speed no skate has ever approached it.

The five boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a pair of Winslow's Speed Extension Ice Skates, with extension foot plates. These skates have detachable welded steel racing runners, also an extra set of runners for fancy skating.

The ten boys who send us the next best anecdotes will each receive a Spalding 12-inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fireboard, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

To become a contestant for these prizes, cut out the **Anecdote Contest Coupon**, printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, care of Street & Smith, 23 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

• COUPON.

"Buffalo Bill Weekly" Anecdote Contest.

Prize Contest No. 2.

Date.....1901

Name

City or Town

State

Title of Anecdote

Watch for Announcement of the Prize Winners in the Contest just closed. Their names will appear in No. 32.

PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

Boys, look on the opposite page and see the announcement of the new contest. We propose to make this contest the most successful and far-reaching ever conducted. It rests with you to do it, but we know that you can, because the first contest along the same lines has been a tremendous success.

We still have hosts of articles sent in in connection with the contest just closed, and we will try to publish all the best ones before you send in your new stories. Here are some of those received this week.

A Narrow Escape from Death.

(By Glenn Bagley, Whatcom, Wash.)

As I thought I would enter the contest in the **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, of which I have been a constant reader from No. 1 to date, called the "Anecdote Prize Contest," I will therefore relate to you my narrow escape. I once lived in the city of Pomona, California, through which the Southern Pacific Railway ran. I was very fond of watching the trains pass through the town. There were two switches, one on each side of the main line. The switch nearest the depot was used mostly to leave the cars on, while the other switch was used for the passing of trains.

One day I was watching a freight train go by on the switch while I was standing in the center of the main track. I failed to notice a passenger train coming on the main track. The men at the depot began to holler at me to get out of the way, and the engine began to whistle, but I did not understand the men nor did I think the whistling was done by another engine than the freight engine, so I still stood there.

Just as the engine was nearly upon me the engineer or fireman yelled at me and somehow I turned and ran toward the depot at full speed. I ran so fast that I jumped nearly up to the platform, which was nearly as high as my head.

When I looked around I found out what was the matter. I waited till the train pulled out and then feeling sheepish got on my wheel and rode away. After that I was more careful.

An Adventure with Two Wolves.

(By Thomas A. Connor, Washington, D. C.)

The event which I relate happened in Colorado on a cold winter day. So cold was it that the ice on the pond was not less than a foot in thickness. John and I and the rest of our club went down to the pond to have some fun skating. The pond was pretty well crowded that day, and we were enjoying ourselves very much; but I had received several heavy falls which caused large bumps on the back of my head, and I wanted to go home. I told John and asked him to accompany me, but he said he would remain until the rest of the boys left, so I started home alone.

I hadn't traveled more than half of the distance when I discovered two wolves, one much older than the other, in my path.

I immediately thought of my shinny stick, but I had lost it.

When the wolves discovered my presence they stealthily approached me until within a few yards. Then the older wolf stopped, but the younger one rushed at me. We fought in close quarters at first, but finally I beat him off. Then I struck him a stunning blow on the head with my skates, which rolled him over senseless on the ground.

The older wolf, enraged at the defeat of his comrade, gave several terrible howls and seemed ready to spring at me. But just as the situation was growing serious, my club boys burst upon the scene. Taking in the situation at a glance, they rushed to my assistance armed with clubs and sticks.

The wolf, seeing his danger, scampered off through the woods. The still senseless wolf was carried home by the boys.

My Adventure in the Narrows.

(By Harry W. Taylor, Bridgeport, Conn.)

Last August my friend Ed and myself bought a twelve-foot rowboat. Now, Ed, though he never sailed a boat, thought he could. He said, "I've read lots of books and know all about it." So he proposed to put a leg-of-mutton sail on it.

I was willing, so we put one on. Every one laughed at us for putting a sail on such a small boat. We said, "We will show you that we can manage it all right."

We put the boat in the creek and one afternoon, when it was nice and windy and the tide was on the change, we started out.

As some of you know, the sound is the water front of Bridgeport, and in one place it makes a break and runs into a creek through a small opening about forty feet wide called the narrows. Now, of course, with a lot of water back of it to go into the creek it must go through this small space at race track speed, and all sailboats have to be operated pretty carefully going through the narrows.

Well, we got there all right, and got through out of the current, then we struck some pretty large waves. We got over them all right, and I proposed to try them broadside on. Ed refused, but at last I had my way.

All of a sudden an extra heavy gust of wind struck us and overboard I went. I am a pretty good swimmer, but I could do nothing against the current. I was swept toward a sandy beach on one side of the narrows, and I thought I could get ashore, but just as I started to get a foothold I was swept back with great speed to a big wooden dock. I thought sure I would get smashed

against the dock and then my name would be Dennis. I don't know how I ever escaped, but it seems I was swept past the dock toward a large bunch of rocks that had been put there to save the beach from being washed away. I lost consciousness then. When I awoke I was lying on the rocks and Ed was giving me the timely intelligence that I was a fool.

A Life and Death Struggle with a Grizzly.

(By W. E. Rizer, Wichita, Kansas.)

Last fall a hunting party was made up to go in the vicinity of White River in Colorado and try and have a little sport at the expense of the game that infests that region.

A party of ten, counting myself, camped at the head of that river on the ninth day of November, 1900, and started out the next morning to see if we could find any traces of "grizzly." We all took different directions, and, of course, I, being the youngest in the party, was obliged to take the most tedious journey.

I was wandering along that evening back toward camp, tired and weary of my day's tramp, without seeing as much as a wildcat, when I glanced up, and there about thirty yards directly in front of me was a monster grizzly. I was speechless for a moment, and then my thoughts came back to me almost as suddenly as they had left me, and throwing my rifle to my shoulder, I fired directly at the beast's breast. Then he raised up on his hind feet and came toward me. I raised to fire again and "snap" went the plunger on an empty chamber, for I had been shooting at marks and had forgotten to load the magazine again. In an instant I threw away the useless rifle and grabbed my two Colt's forty-fives from their holsters and began to fire as rapidly as possible right in his face, but still on he came. And as I emptied the last chamber of the guns he was within six feet of me.

I had heard old bear hunters say that if a small person, in a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly, would get just as close to the animal's body as possible they could not get their forelegs close enough to their breast to crush one. This came to me all at once, and you can bet that I was not long in making up my mind to act, as I only had one hope left and that was to kill him with my knife. As flight was out of the question, I knew that I must do all in my power to save myself. So when he got within about three feet of me, I grabbed my eight-inch hunting knife and made a jump into his outstretched arms to see which one would come out victorious, for I had resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible.

Just the instant I touched his breast his monstrous arms were around me, and he was hugging and grunting for all he was worth, but he did not hurt me until I tried to stick the knife in his heart, and when I did try it he took a piece out of my shoulder that seemed to me would weigh a pound.

But I did not lose my presence of mind, although his teeth and claws had begun to do their work in my flesh. I felt for his heart the second time, and to my great joy found it with the knife. Just as soon as I struck him that time he gave a deep groan, let go his hold and sank to the ground.

I saw him fall, and reeled and fell myself, and knew nothing until my friends, who had been attracted by the firing, came to see what I was shooting at and found me lying senseless alongside the great bear.

A little brandy soon brought me back to myself, and after telling my story, as I have done here, I and the bear were taken into camp, where I recovered in a day or two. The bear was hauled to the nearest station and tilted the scales at 1373 pounds. His head, neck and breast had been punctured in twelve different places with bullets, showing that I had missed but one shot out of the one in the rifle and twelve in the revolvers.

I was also punctured in several places by his teeth and claws, leaving scars that I will carry to my grave, but nevertheless, I have a fine mounted skin rug.

Held Up by Robbers.

(By John Griffin, West Philadelphia, Pa.)

I at one time lived in gay old Atlantic City. My father, mother, brother and sister and myself composed the family. My father bought a horse and a wagon down there, so at last when we decided to come home to Philadelphia my father and I came home in the wagon, and mother, sister and brother came home in the train. It is a very lonesome road to travel at night and we knew it, for often we heard of highway robberies on that road at night. I was on the lookout all the time for any sudden surprise.

All of a sudden we heard a rustling in the bushes near by, and there appeared in the open two masked men. Quick as thought, I sprang at one and my father at the other. I overpowered my man and rendered him unconscious with a blow with my fist. Then I bound and searched him. By this time my father's man got away and made good his escape.

We put the captive in the wagon and brought him to Camden, where he was recognized as a highway robber of that city.

An Adventure with a Lion.

(By Willis Benton, St. Louis, Mo.)

This story I am going to write is a true story. I and my father went out hunting one day. We traveled all day and when it was growing dark we made a place to camp. After we ate a good supper we went to bed. We woke up early in the morning, and father told me to get a bucket of water at the spring while he cooked the breakfast. I took the bucket and went down to the spring. Looking above me, I saw a lion coming toward me. A thought ran across my mind. I took my hat, coat, pants, stockings and shoes and laid them down together to form a man. Then I ran behind a big rock and watched the lion. He came creeping down the hill until he could see the form of the man, and when he did see it he gave a pounce, and fell upon the pointy rocks, killing him instantly. I ran to the camp and told my father that there was a lion dead down by the spring. We went down and took the lion to camp, and I told father how I got him. He told me I did a brave deed, but he never took me out hunting any more.

Almost Over a Cliff.

(By William H. Armstrong, Richmond, Va.)

While three of my boy friends and I were walking out one evening in the woods we came to a cliff. We stood on the edge throwing stones in the water below. After a while we spied a good big log which some of the boys wished to throw over the cliff. All of us except one caught hold of it. That one said he was afraid he would get hurt. The boys counted three and their end swayed and hit me right back of my ear, knocking me forward, and had it not been for the quickness of my companions they said I would have been killed. I was knocked senseless.

A Timely Rescue.

(By Albert Cederroth, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

While visiting my uncle who lives in the northern part of Maine near the town of Caribou, I had an interesting adventure. One day I was standing on a plank or board laid over a small but deep brook, watching some fish.

As I stood there a small calf came and tried to cross over, giving me a push that sent me head first into the brook. I could not swim and feared I would drown, but just then I heard a splash and I felt some one tugging at my coat collar and was dragged ashore. I turned around and saw my rescuer was Max, our neighbor's large Newfoundland dog. I petted him and we went home together.

Through the Ice.

(By Edward Donoghue, Medford, Mass.)

In having close shaves I think I have had as close a shave as any one.

Some boys were skating on a pond, and I was running on the ice when it gave way and I went down. Knowing I could not swim, I called for help. When the boys saw me some took off their skates and tried the nearest way to get hold of my hands, but at that moment the ice that I had hold of broke and I went down. But just as I came up for the last time a man caught me with a pole and saved me, but I was sick for a long time.

An Accident on a Trapeze.

(By Clarence Jones, Watertown, N. Y.)

Following is an experience my brother and I had while giving a public performance on a trapeze lately. The place was crowded when we made our appearance. Amid the sea of faces before me I looked for a familiar one, but in vain, and, turning, I stepped back to the rope by which we ascended to the trapeze, and going up, hand over hand, was soon seated in my swinging perch. As I looked down, I caught sight of a face in one of the boxes that at once attracted my attention. It was that of a beautiful girl. Her eyes, turned toward me, expressed only alarm at the seeming danger of the performance, and for the moment I longed to assure her of my perfect safety, but my brother was now by my side, and we began our performance.

In the pauses for breath I could see that sweet face, now pale as death, and the blue eyes staring, wide open with fear, and I dreaded the effect of our finish, which, being the drop act, gives the uninitiated the impression that both performers are about to be dashed headlong to the stage. Having completed the double performance, I ascended to the upper bar, and, casting off the connect, we began our combination feats.

While hanging by my feet in the upper trapeze, my brother being suspended from my hands (the lower bar being drawn back by a super), I felt a slight shock, and the rope began slowly to slip past my foot. My heart gave a great jump, and then seemed to stop, as I realized our awful situation. The seizing which held the rope had parted, and the rope was gliding around the bar, and in another moment we would be lying senseless on the stage. I shouted "Under!" to the terrified super, who instantly swung the bar back to its place, and I dropped my brother on to it as the last strand snapped.

As I plunged downward I saw the lower bar darting toward me, as it seemed, and I made a desperate grasp at it, for it was my last chance.

I missed it! Down through the air I fell, striking heavily on the stage. The blow rendered me senseless, and my collarbone was broken.

I was hurried behind the scenes and soon came to my senses.

My first thought was that I must go back and go through my performance at once, and I actually made a dash for the stage—but was restrained, and it was many weeks before I was able to perform again.

A Rescue from Drowning.

(By Clarence Bird, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.)

This adventure occurred during the month of July, 1901, while I was staying for a short time at Bridgeport, New Jersey.

It was decided to go fishing at the mouth of the Raccoon Creek by a boy by the name of Charlie Devoy and myself, but upon reaching our boat we were confronted by another smaller boy, who was gazing out upon the water at a "tug" at that time passing.

Upon seeing us, he knew well enough what our intentions were, so he asked me to take him along. I didn't have the least idea of taking him until my friend said he would take all responsibility. So I agreed, and three of us went.

We started then and there, and at a good time, for the tide was going down. It was decided to come back at about noon when the tide turned.

Charlie took one oar and I took the other, and we certainly did cut the water, until we reached a railroad bridge, about a half mile from our starting place. Here we slackened up a little.

Willie Burns, the little fellow we had taken, wanted to row, so I gave him my oar. I sat down in the bottom of the boat and was looking toward the opposite shore when I heard a splash. Instantly I arose to my feet and exclaimed: "What was that?" answered by Charlie, saying, "He is overboard."

"Who?" says I, and looking to where Willie was sitting and seeing him not there, I readily knew who he meant.

Without waiting another moment, I plunged into the water, and then awaited for the boy to come up.

"There he is," shouted Charlie. When I saw him I yelled, "Keep up if you can!" In no time I was upon him, and had him upon my back. The shore was nearer to me than the boat was now, so I started for shore, almost exhausted with my heavy burden. I lay on the bank, wondering when I would ever get up, when a kind-hearted stranger who was passing in his carriage stopped and lifted me and Willie into his carriage and drove us home, where I explained to all the accident, but there was no more fishing for us that day.

CONTEST NOTES.

This week closes the contest, boys. Thousands of entries have been received. All entries dated December 1 will be accepted, even though they do not reach this office until several days later.

As soon as they are all in the judges will make the awards.

Watch for the prize winners. Their names will be published at the head of this department. Also, look at the special announcement in this week's **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**.

BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel.

No. 10.—Capt. John Smith,

The Celebrated Indian Fighter and Founder of the Colony of Virginia.

This is the story of the man who founded the colony of Virginia, and was its chief defender against the attacks of the Indians. He was later captured by the redskins and was about to be put to death when Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan, rescued him in the nick of time. He was one of the most remarkable men this country ever saw.

There are few romances written that contain more interesting or exciting incidents than the life of Captain John Smith.

John Smith, who is truly called the founder of Virginia, was born in Lincolnshire, England, in a town called Willoughby, during the year 1579.

Even at so early an age as thirteen so adventurous and daring had his spirit become, he sold his books and satchel for funds with which to get ready to go to sea. The sudden death of his father, however, for the time prevented him. Before this event, it appears, he had likewise lost his mother. What little property his father left immediately fell to him, though he was obliged to be placed, with his money, in the care of guardians till he should come of age. Those guardians, however, as such persons often do, proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in them, and, knowing his desire for roving and adventure, secretly approved of the course he was so anxious to pursue. Though they allowed him very little money—probably keeping a sharp lookout for themselves in regard to that—they, nevertheless, gave him great personal liberty, rarely offering to interfere with any wandering whim that happened to seize him.

Had they been a little more liberal in giving him money, it is not likely that he would have stood in the way of their dishonest projects much longer; but, being as destitute as he was, he knew that he could ill afford to venture very far out of their reach without a more adequate supply. So he remained for a time where he was. At last, however, they resolved to apprentice him out with a merchant in Lynn, a man engaged very ex-

tensively in traffic, and with whom the uneasy youth might have grown in time to be a prosperous man. But there was another mission in the world for young John Smith. He was not destined to the drudgery of a store, and the comparatively trifling employments of one whose duty it is to stand behind a counter and wait upon coming customers; it was reserved for him yet to establish a far-off colony, to pave the way for future generations in a hitherto unexplored and trackless wilderness, and to lay the foundations of a nation that was to spread in an incalculably short time from the shores of one vast ocean to the other.

With his present employer he remained but a short time, his thoughts brooding continually over the brilliant and indescribable pictures that lay spread out on the canvas of his future. Of trade, and its many weary accompaniments, he seemed to have got quite enough at an early day after entering on his apprenticeship. He formed the resolution to leave his employer and master altogether; and it is noticeable, too, that his guardians were well advised of his determination long before he undertook to carry it into effect. Indeed, with the few shillings which they had allowed him to retain in his pocket, it is probable that he ran away from the merchant immediately to them again and demanded sufficient additional funds to enable him to realize his early dreams of the sea. Eager to be finally rid of him, they humored his request, and he very soon found a place as page, or traveling servant, to the young sons of Lord Willoughby, who were then about to make the customary tour of the continent.

They all went to France together. He controlled his vagrant propensities sufficiently to remain with them there for some five or six weeks, and then begged to be dismissed from their service altogether. They gave him a liberal supply of money and let him go, supposing that he would be sure to return to his friends again. But this he had no mind to do. He had had quite

enough of such friends; and so, with his money, he made the best of his way to Paris, without companion or adviser.

At this time he was about fifteen years old; and, for a boy of fifteen he certainly showed a rare courage and self-reliance that would do no discredit to a person of twice his years. While he was in Paris he fell in with a gentleman named Hume, a native of Scotland, who conceived a great liking for our young hero, and proposed to send him with letters of introduction to his own friends at home. He also filled his purse and generously supplied all his wants. It was the gentleman's wish to have the youth trained to be a courtier of King James, then living in Scotland, but destined soon to succeed Elizabeth on the throne of England. He liked the lad's spirit and intelligence, and felt sure that, even at that age, he promised uncommon things. And his after life showed how accurate was the judgment of his Scottish friend.

Undoubtedly Smith honestly engaged to go to Scotland, just as his new friend desired. But he was a youth of such a vagrant disposition, of such erratic ways of thinking, of such dazzling and uncertain hopes for the future, and thus far so entirely accustomed to follow out only his own unfettered impulses, that the reader must not wonder to find that, as soon as he was once away from the influence of his benefactor, he forgot him altogether. Such was the fact. He thought and cared no more for his hopes of preferment at court. He was wholly taken up with the vague propensities for roving and wandering that beset him on every hand.

By the time he reached Rouen his money was all gone. This was about the period of the civil wars that prevailed in France between the Catholics and Protestants, and ended with the violent death of King Henry the Fourth. From the narrative of his own life, which he wrote a great many years afterward, it seems that he was then attracted by the sound of martial music, and the pomp of military preparations; and that at length he enlisted as a soldier and fought on the side of the Protestants. Having once tasted of this strange excitement, it was difficult for him to give it up; and, as soon, therefore, as peace followed in France he was anxious to hurry away to the next field where his services might be needed.

Accordingly, he enlisted in a band of English troops, that were at that time acting as auxiliaries against Spain in the Netherlands, and served on this famous European battlefield.

After the expiration of about four years, he suddenly bethought himself of the letters entrusted to him by his friend, the Scotch gentleman, in Paris. Acting immediately on his thought, he hurried away to take ship for

Leith, a port in Scotland. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked on the voyage; but his own life was providentially saved. Hardly was he free of this disaster when he was overtaken by a fit of severe sickness, on the Isle of Northumberland, and his life for some time despaired of. But he recovered at length, and hastened to Scotland to deliver his letters. There he was received with the utmost kindness, and found friends everywhere at his hand. But circumstances conspired to prevent his success at court.

Tired with his petty disappointments there in Scotland, he returned at length to his native town of Wiltoughby, in England, where he passed much of his time in social enjoyments and friendly delights. Even this wearied him in turn, and he began to sigh for more active and manly employment. Already he had seen much of the great world beyond his native town, and his spirit chafed and grew restless at this quietude and silent restraint. A small country town, it may well be supposed, held out few attractions either to occupy or detain an active spirit like his. He grew impatient and fretful. He could scarcely bear to see his fellow creatures around him; and finally, as an antidote to his peculiar disease, he resolved to withdraw from society and the world altogether.

Adopting the dress and habits of a hermit, he plunged into the forest, and built what he called a "pavilion of boughs," in which he lived his life of seclusion. He shot venison for his food. He still kept a servant near him, and through him held all the converse with the world that he wished.

But it was not to last long so.

Very soon he bade adieu to his romantic woodland retreat, and went rambling again in the Netherlands. At this time he was nineteen years old. Shortly after he secured an appointment on the staff of an Austrian general, Earl Meldritch, and started off with the regiment to fight the Turks, one of the most cruel people living on the face of the earth.

Mahomet the Third was the Grand Seignor of Turkey at this period, having recently succeeded to the throne and to the management of the hitherto disastrous war with Germany. It was in the latter part of the year 1601 when our hero enlisted; and during that year there had been fought many very severe battles between the two nations, resulting generally to the advantage of the Turks. The latter had succeeded in obtaining a foothold in Hungary and other provinces, of which it was found next to impossible to dispossess them. So bold had they grown with their recent successes that they pushed on through the country in the face of all obstacles, and laid siege to the walled town of Olympach. Lord Ebersbaught had been assigned to the defense of

this place, which he now held with his forces. The Turks lay encamped around it to the number of twenty thousand. They daily made vigorous efforts to enter, battering the walls and destroying all the outworks against which they could safely bring their powers of assault. The condition of the garrison was rapidly becoming distressing, and it was evident at headquarters that, without assistance, they could hold out but a little while longer.

In this extremity the Baron Kissell was dispatched to their relief with a force of artillery; but it was soon found that it was wholly inadequate to the trying emergency. Under the baron served the Earl Meldritch, with his troops of cavalry, and Smith, as we have already said, formed one of his staff. Immediately on arriving on the ground he gained the confidence of the baron by his spirit and intelligence, and was transferred to a post nearer the baron's person. So unequal were the forces of the baron to those of the Turks he discovered that he could do no more than now and then cut off parties carrying supplies, or a straggling detachment that foolishly threw itself within his reach. This was hardly better than nothing at all; he saw that if he was to be of any service it could be only in conjunction with the besieged army of Lord Ebersbaught within the town. To effect his object, the chances of which now looked dark and dubious enough, he set his sharpest wits at work forthwith. Perhaps he could find a man, he thought, who possessed the courage and daring to attempt the passage of the well-guarded Turkish lines.

In the midst of his perplexity the person he wanted was just at his hand. John Smith offered a timely suggestion that seemed to be nothing less than the easy solution of the riddle. When in Vienna in company with Lord Ebersbaught, he remembered to have told him of a telegraphic system, by which, with lighted torches, he might express any of the letters of the alphabet and so convey both words and sentences as far as the lights could be plainly seen. Smith felt confident that Lord Ebersbaught had not by this time forgotten his secret and proposed to put his telegraphic system in operation at the earliest moment possible. There was a high mountain, about seven miles away from Olympach, on the top of which he determined to light his signals. First he built three fires, equally distant from one another. The garrison saw them at once, and their commander, recollecting the secret which the young stranger had communicated to him before, quickly comprehended their mysterious meaning. He answered the signals with three similar fires from the top of the walls. Smith's heart leaped within him for joy at so happy a discovery, and he immediately telegraphed back again; by means of his torches, letter by letter, and word by

word, the following sentence: "On Thursday, at night, I will charge on the east. At the alarm, sally forth!" Without delay, the answer was returned by the delighted commander of the garrison, "I will!" Smith forthwith hurried back to the camp and set on foot the necessary preparations for the approaching assault.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Anecdote About Buffalo Bill.

(By Clarence Benson, St. Louis, Mo.)

Buffalo Bill had many adventures among the Indians. My father, who is now 73 years old, told me that he and five other men were under his command. They were going to the fort, which was about fifteen miles away, when suddenly from the west a tribe of Indians—twenty-three in number—came toward them. The next moment they saw another tribe of Indians, seventeen in number, coming from the east. Buffalo Bill and his men had no means of escape. The chief dismounted, telling his men to do the same thing. The chief then took the horses and with his knife he slashed the five horses' throats, piling them on top of each other. Thus they prepared for battle. The Indians who were coming from the east now joined their comrades, and came at a slow pace. When the Indians were within rifle range Buffalo Bill opened fire and succeeded in killing thirty-two Indians and seventeen ponies. The rest of the Indians fled with fright, forgetting their dead. Buffalo Bill had an arrow in his arm and one in his shoulder. Two of our men were dead with bullet holes in their breasts. Our men captured some of the Indians' ponies and were soon on their way to the fort to tell of their adventure.

EDITORIAL.

Our readers have noticed that from No. 20 we have used the same general title for this series, which will be continued for about thirteen issues, when a new title will be used for another series of "Buffalo Bill" stories equally absorbing; and this plan will be continued indefinitely. We believe our readers will welcome this change as an improvement, since we can thus avoid any duplicates in titles or the use of any title bearing a similarity to others. Of course each issue will be numbered differently in rotation, as heretofore, and also bear upon its cover a different picture illustrating some important incident in the story which clearly distinguishes one issue from another.

The stories are really issued in the same manner as heretofore, except that one title is used for a number of them.

JESSE JAMES STORIES



Jesse James.

WE were the first publishers in the world to print the famous stories of the James Boys, written by that remarkable man, W. B. Lawson, whose name is a watchword with our boys. We have had many imitators, and in order that no one shall be deceived in accepting the spurious for the real, we are now publishing the best stories of the James Boys, by Mr. Lawson, in a New Library entitled "The Jesse James Stories," one of our big five-cent weeklies, and a sure winner with the boys. A number of issues have already appeared, and these which follow will be equally good; in fact, the best of their kind in the world.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

NICK CARTER STORIES



Nick Carter.

THE best known detective in the world is Nick Carter. Stories by this noted sleuth are issued regularly in "Nick Carter Weekly" (price five cents), and all his work is written for us. It may interest the patrons and readers of the Nick Carter Series of Detective Stories to know that these famous stories will soon be produced upon the stage under unusually elaborate circumstances. Arrangements have just been completed between the publishers and Manager F. C. Whitney, to present the entire set of Nick Carter stories in dramatic form. The first play of the series will be brought out next fall.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, NEW YORK.

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

The only publication authorized by the Hon. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).



Buffalo Bill.

WE were the publishers of the first story ever written of the famous and world-renowned Buffalo Bill, the great hero whose life has been one succession of exciting and thrilling incidents combined with great successes and accomplishments, all of which will be told in a series of grand stories which we are now placing before the American Boys. The popularity they have already obtained shows what the boys want, and is very gratifying to the publishers.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

DIAMOND DICK STORIES



Diamond Dick.

THE celebrated Diamond Dick stories can only be found in "Diamond Dick, Jr., the Boys' Best Weekly." Diamond Dick and his son Bertie are the most unique and fascinating heroes of Western romance. The scenes, and many of the incidents, in these exciting stories are taken from real life. Diamond Dick stories are conceded to be the best stories of the West, and are all copyrighted by us. The weekly is the same size and price as this publication, with handsome illuminated cover. Price, five cents.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.